UNITY. FREEDOM.

THE

Unitarian

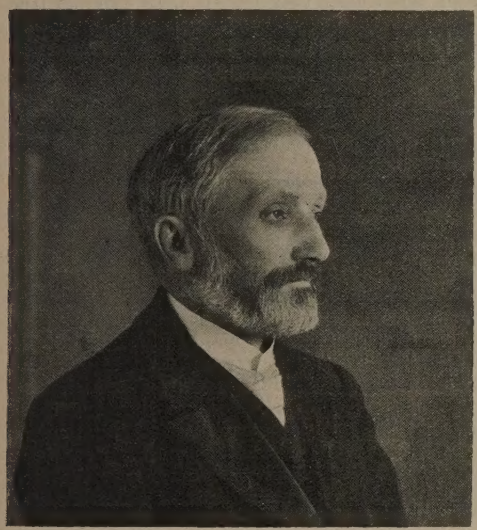
MONTHLY.

An Organ of Reasonable Religion.

"One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."—*Tennyson.*

FAITH. FELLOWSHIP.

No. 59. [Vol. V.—8] August, 1908. ONE PENNY.



Rev. JAMES RUDDLE.

Was brought up in the west country as a Wesleyan. When he was about twenty, finding the Wesleyan doctrine had become incredible to him, he consulted the Rev. Samuel Martin, and joined the Unitarian Church at Trowbridge. Was admitted a student to the Unitarian Home Missionary College, Manchester, 1878, when it was the U.H.M. Board, under the Rev. Wm. Gaskell, M.A., as Principal, with Rev. J. E. Odgers, M.A., Theological Tutor, and the Rev. James Black, M.A., as Missionary Tutor. At College, Mr. Ruddle found himself the senior of his year, and in point of success in the various examinations, as well as in age, he held the top place all through his three years' course. He left College in 1881, and entered upon a short ministry at Hastings (1881-2), then at Pudsey and Elland in Yorkshire (1882-4), and successively held pastorates at Moretonhampstead in Devon (1885-90), Accrington (1890-98), Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester (1898-1906), and now at Stannington, near Sheffield. Mr. Ruddle possesses originality of thought and strongly characteristic qualities of expression and utterance; he has taken a respectable position amongst Unitarians as a writer to its periodicals, and particularly as a contributor of review articles on subjects relating to Biblical study and criticism; he is a German scholar, a man of good general attainments and practical ability, and one of those ministers that deserve to be more widely known and appreciated. The portrait is a very recent one.

Varieties.

"If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain,
My life, though bare,
Perhaps, of much that seemeth dear and fair,
To us on earth will not have been in vain."

"As I look more through the surface of things, it is the beauty and loving-kindness of God that strike me most."

"Just as God reveals truth I will declare his word, come what may come. If duty commands, who am I to resist?"

"Not barely to live, but to live nobly is my purpose."

"What is false to myself I must never do—at no time, for no consideration."

"What is man here on earth to accomplish? He is to unfold and perfect himself as far as possible in body and in spirit."

"The race of men never before stood so high as now. With suffering, tears, and blood, they have toiled through barbarism and war to the present height, and we see the world of promise opening upon our eye."

"What we want is the Soul of Religion—religion that thinks and works: its sign will take care of itself." —Theodore Parker.

Where with intention I have erred,
No other plea I have.
But Thou art good; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive. —Burns.

Scatter the Germs of the Beautiful.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful!
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
And the vine on the garden wall;
Cover the rough and the rude of earth
With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of summer hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the holy shrine of home,
Let the pure and fair and the graceful there
In their loveliest lustre come;
Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about its hearth the gems
Of nature and of art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the temple of our God,
Of the God who starred the uplifted sky,
And who flowered the trampled sod;
Building a temple for himself
And a home for every race;
He reared each arch in symmetry,
And carved each line in grace.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depth of every soul;
They shall bud and blossom and bear the fruit
While endless ages roll;
Plant with the flowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And truth, love, joy about your path
In paradise shall bloom.

—Mrs. L. A. Cobb.

The Soul Wins.

By the Author of "Randal's Principle," "For All or None," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

Patty explained:

"When I first heard of the robbery, Jim, it flashed upon me that I had seemed to suggest the very thing to you. And the mere thought as to you having anything to do with it, and of my having possibly tempted you to it by that foolish question, quite overwhelmed me, so that I could think of nothing else. I was haunted by questioning uncertainty about you, and again by the idea that you might have some suspicions of me—so that I forgot for the time all about how any idea of a robbery of Jasper Toone first came into my mind. My anxiety was about you. But when you told me that Tom Tickle and Jack Tranter had tried to induce you to go away, it flashed upon me that these were the same two men that I heard in the stable, and that they were guilty of the robbery and wanted to fasten the suspicion on you. So I at once went to the police and told them all I knew. The rest you know."

"It was rather a villainous thing for them to try to get me under suspicion for it," said Jim.

"Yes, it was. But if all I hear about them is true, they are to be pitied as much as blamed. They are both very poor, and at the time their children were really starving for want of bread. They went to Jasper's to ask him to lend them money, and he refused. They were quite strangers to him, and in the dark he did not really see their faces. He went into a passion, and then dropped on the floor in a swoon. They, on first impulse, were about to run away, frightened at the effects of their visit, when one of them turned to help the old man. He opened his eyes, held out his hand with a gold piece in it, asked them to take it, and go. They did so, thinking he would soon be all right. He must have swooned again after they left—if their story is true—for he was found unconscious, and when he aroused he said he had been frightened by robbers." Such was the story Patty had heard.

The two men were in prison awaiting trial at the Quarter Sessions. Jim was determined he would go and see old Jasper, and get the truth out of him as far as possible.

He did so. The police, of course, had been there frequently before him. They had questioned him, but could get no real evidence corroborating that any blow being struck at him, or anything thrown over his head or stuffed in his mouth. All there was to confirm anything of this was that when Jasper was found unconscious, he was himself holding a handkerchief up to his mouth. In talking with Jim, the old man actually thought that he might have dreamed about it in his swoon that he had been struck. No one could see that any mark or sign that he had been struck, except what might have been caused by his falling on the floor in a faint. He admitted offering a sovereign to the men to get rid of them, and could not say that he had missed anything more.

So it looked almost as if there had been no robbery at all, and that the two men had been cowards afraid of the consequences of what they really had done, and willing for someone else to suffer in their stead.

Jim investigated the circumstances of these men's families, and found they had not been able to get regular employment for some considerable time, that the families were reduced to the lowest penury, and he came to the conclusion that they were at such extremity at the time of the Jasper Toone episode that they were practically forced to beg, borrow, or steal.

And all feeling of resentment against them went away from his mind. He became moved with a feeling of pity for them. He felt that they were really the victims of unfortunate circumstances, of an unfavourable environment. He knew that sort of experience in other ways.

While possessed with these feelings he met the clergyman, and attempted to enlist his sympathy with these men.

"Oh, but they are dishonest," said his reverence.

"I am not convinced of that, sir," said Jim.

"But they are charged with robbing Jasper Toone."

"It is not yet proven," said Jim.

"I must be careful not to give countenance to guilty men. It is a hard struggle for respectable members of society, and with such I have every sympathy. But I must not appear to condone those who may, after all, be thieves. Those who try to be honest and to lead a Christian life have a claim upon me. These men, I am not sure that they have any right to expect it."

"Maybe, sir, appearances deceive, and cause them to be harshly misjudged. I feel that they are in need of some good Samaritan, and that they are injured and wounded men who are likely to be deserted and left to suffer, perhaps undeservedly, unless I can win such sympathy as you can give. Men are sometimes reduced to such extremity that they are not able to be as good Christians as they might be otherwise. It is hard saving their souls if their bodies are perishing for lack of food, and the cries of their children for bread are ringing piteously in their ears. It is not easy, sir, for the soul to win in such a struggle as that, when all the world seems on the opposite side."

"Well, Mr. McCracken, what help do you wish me to give?"

"I should be glad if you could help me to secure them proper assistance for their defence at the trial."

Jim succeeded in securing the clergyman's assistance, as well as that of others.

(To be continued.)

St. Mark's Chapel, Edinburgh.

"Historical Account of the Congregation of St. Mark's Chapel, Edinburgh, 1908."

This pamphlet of over 30 pages is illustrated, and is issued by the Unitarian congregation of St. Mark's Chapel in connection with the celebration of the Jubilee of the ministry of the Rev. R. B. Drummond, B.A., which is to take place in November next. It is a most interesting sketch of the development of Unitarianism in Edinburgh. The St. Mark's congregation trace their origin from a branch of seceders in Berwickshire who split from the Cameronians about the middle of the eighteenth century, on the question of Christ's atonement. The Scotch Presbyterian Calvinists maintained that Jesus made atonement only for the elect few, but these spiritual ancestors of the Edinburgh Unitarians held that he died for all men. They soon adopted the principle of Free Inquiry first towards the Scriptures, and ultimately towards the whole field of religious thought and belief, without restraints of creeds and confessions.

The St. Mark's congregation dates from 1776; in 1792 their universalism was so thorough that they adopted the name of "Universal Dissenters." In 1809 Richard Wright, the Unitarian missionary, found that they were Anti-Trinitarians; in 1813, when the law making it penal and blasphemous to deny the Trinity, was abolished, the congregation began to be known as Unitarian. In 1812 the Rev. Thomas Southwood Smith, afterwards the well-known Doctor and Sanitarian of that name, became its minister. He assisted in founding the Scottish Unitarian Association, July 28th, 1813, and became its first secretary. His evening lectures on Universal Restoration, published afterwards in book form as "Illustrations of the Divine Government," were delivered in 1813, in the course of his ministry. He concluded his pastorate in 1816, and went to Yeovil, Somerset, where he united the ministry with the practice of a physician; and from thence removed to London in 1820 and devoted himself to the medical profession and became famous. After a succession of eleven different ministers from 1816, the present pastor, the Rev. R. B. Drummond, B.A., was appointed and was formally inducted November 14th, 1858; hence his jubilee this year. The pamphlet contains a biographical sketch of him, and portrait, and a fine appreciation of his fifty years' service amongst his people.

It is notable as an indication of Mr. Drummond's breadth that he departed from the custom of reading two scriptural lessons at each service, "feeling that the exclusive place thus given to the Bible was inconsistent with modern views of inspiration," and so he "introduced the practice of occasional readings from general literature, ancient and modern," the second lesson "being usually of this description," and he has done this ever since 1870. The practice is pursued by a few other Unitarian ministers, but this consistency to principle is not yet exemplified in the majority of Unitarian pulpits.

The congregation of St. Mark's made the following declaration in 1872:—

"This Society is constituted for the worship of God in accordance with the spirit and life of Jesus Christ. Its members, trusting to spiritual sympathies, and the natural love of truth and goodness as a sufficient bond of union, repudiate all theological tests; and while desiring to encourage one another in the formation of right opinions, they yet prescribe none, believing that the interests of religious truth will be better served by the most complete freedom of inquiry than by any form of ecclesiastical dogmatism." This is a truly typical statement of the Unitarian attitude.

The St. Mark's people do well to celebrate as they intend to, in November, Mr. Drummond's Jubilee by making him a presentation, and any friends who wish to contribute should send to the Secretary, Mr. John Whytock, 78, Marchmont Crescent, Edinburgh.

"A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

—Wordsworth.

Mornings and Sunrises.

By Rev. J. T. SUNDERLAND, M.A.

[Mr. Sunderland sends the following article, accompanied with these kind words: "With hearty interest in all your good work—courageous, outspoken, forward-looking, constructive, aiming at something and getting somewhere."]

All men need the morning spirit. The spirit of the evening is calmness, rest, peace. This is good in its place. But for life's toil and battle we need the spirit of the morning, which is hope, faith, courage, and joy.

There are other mornings beside literal ones. Indeed, life is full of mornings. Childhood is a morning. Were ever skies so bright and fair as those which arch that morning land? Going away from home to school is often the opening of a morning gate. The same is true of entering upon a vocation in life, especially if one has long looked forward to it with expectation. Loving and marrying should open the door to a wonderful new morning. So should becoming a mother or a father.

There are spiritual experiences that are glorious mornings. Have you ever been in the grasp of a strong temptation to do wrong, or to yield obedience to your lower self when you knew it was your lower self, but after a struggle conquered, and rose up in the might of your manhood to do the thing you ought? Then you knew what a sun rose in your soul's sky in that hour.

Have you ever fought out that battle which is the central one in every noble, every true religious life: "Shall I live primarily for myself, my own pleasure, my own wealth or honour or advancement?" or "Shall I live first and above all else for truth, for duty, for love? to render some service to my fellows, to be what I believe God wants me to be, and to do his will?" I say, have you ever fought that battle out and decided once for all, "I am not my own, I am God's and my brother's; and for God and my brother I will live?" Then you know what morning is; for when you consciously made that decision there shone a light into your soul that was brighter than any sun-rising on earth.

If there is anything that should teach us that God is forever in the world, it is the mornings. It is because his faithfulness fails not that mornings come in their appointed time, and at the very moment they are due; it is because he does not slumber that the world is awakened from its slumber when the proper second arrives. For what is the awakening of all nature but the touch of the finger of God? We sing—

"Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is a world made new."

But whose is the life that makes all things new, except God's?

We talk about the "morning of creation," and think of it as in the far distant past. The truth is, now is the morning of creation, God's creative processes are going on to-day, all around us, in earth and ocean and sky, and we have only to open our eyes to see them. New worlds are forming in the heavens; our telescopes reveal them to us in all stages of progress. The earth is going through constant physical changes which are creative of new conditions for all earthly life.

The realm in which creation is most active at the present time is that which is closest to man, and of which man is the centre. New and higher forms of industrial, social, and political life are being created. A new and higher form of humanity is being created. God's kingdom of truth, righteousness, and love on earth is being created. And of all this, we are in the bright and glorious morning.

We are in the morning of man's conquest over physical nature. We are in the morning of the age of steam. We are in the still earlier morning of the age of electricity. We are at the sun-rising of an age of travel such as the past has known nothing of. We are in the dawn of a great era of political freedom for man. We are in the dawn of universal education. We are in the morning of a great world-movement of kindness toward the suffering, the sick, the unfortunate, the deaf and dumb, the blind, the helpless aged, unprotected children, animals below man. Unless all signs fail, we are in the dawn, perhaps the very early dawn, but the dawn of an era of peace for mankind.

All this is creative work in the highest of possible realms. It is creative of a nobler humanity, and of better world-conditions for that humanity.

We are in the morning of a better day for religion. Long and dark has been the night, in which superstition, credulity, bigotry, unreason, sectarianism, strife, unbrotherliness, intolerance, hatred, persecution have done their evil work in the name of religion. But at last there is light in the East. The sunshine of truth and reason and charity is beginning to illuminate all the higher summits of the religious thinking of our time. This bids us to be of good courage. Sunrises do not go backward. There will be light in the valleys by and by.

How glorious it is to be living in the midst of such dawns, such mornings, such sunrises! There never was such a morning time as ours. Let us be up and awake.

Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.

The American "Christian Register" says that all the unsectarian charities in England were started by Unitarians; it is said there are 3,000 women ministers in the United States; Mr. W. H. Taft, nominated for the Presidency of the United States, is a prominent member of a Unitarian church at Washington, and a trustee of the Unitarian Church at Murray Bay.

The Unitarian Van Mission has had great meetings in Wales during the past month, also in Scotland and the Potteries. In the London district there have also been good meetings. There has been trouble with the police at Market Drayton, and in Wales at Ammanford, where the lay missioner (Mr. Barnes) was summoned before the magistrates on a charge of obstruction, but the charge was withdrawn on the day of the trial.

Postal Mission Work.

By MISS FLORENCE HILL,
Hon. Sec. Central Postal Mission and Unitarian Workers 'Union.

Those who were not able to be present at the annual meeting of the Central Postal Mission and Unitarian Workers' Union will be glad to learn that we had a large gathering, and were particularly glad to welcome our fellow-workers belonging to the various missions. There were representatives from Liverpool, Manchester, Portsmouth, Scotland, S. Wales, the Western Union, and the Yorkshire Union Postal Missions. The Rev. R. H. Lambley (lately returned from Melbourne) spoke of the need of Postal Mission work in Australia, and the isolation of those living in the Bush. Mr. Goacher, Secretary of the Unitarian Society at Coalville, emphasised the need of getting the permanent use of a building at Coalville for Sunday services and week-evening meetings, and explained what efforts the little congregation was making to carry this out. Mr. Goacher is a Postal Mission convert. Miss Tagart (presiding) pointed out, in her introductory speech, the great importance of keeping the historical records of our denomination, and of preserving the old chapels.

The annual report, which was presented by the Hon. Secretary, and was approved, showed what excellent work had been done by the thirteen Postal Missions and the other affiliated societies during the year. It may prove of interest to quote a few paragraphs:—

"The great event in the Unitarian world in 1907 was the Congress of the International Council of Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers, held in Boston, U.S.A., in September. The large and enthusiastic gatherings so splendidly organised were most inspiring to those who took part, and the generous welcome of the Boston Unitarians will never be forgotten by their guests. Mrs. Crompton and Miss Talbot were appointed delegates from the Central Postal Mission and Unitarian Workers' Union. They were particularly gratified to meet so many of the leaders of the Post Office Mission, who received them with the greatest kindness, and gave them much interesting information as to the working of the Post Office Mission in the United States. We desire to place on record our hearty thanks for the kind reception of our delegates, and gratification that this visit has drawn us closer to our co-workers across the ocean.

"Thanks to the Editor of 'Unity,' there has been a column in that little monthly throughout the year containing Postal Mission news. Many correspondents have expressed great pleasure in having this paper, and feel it to be a pleasant link.

"The Central Committee have had a very busy and prosperous year of work. The two salient features have been the erection of the new club-room at Bedfield (Suffolk), and the remarkably interesting correspondence arising out of advertisements in the 'Christian Commonwealth,' the organ of the Rev. J. R. Campbell.

The Committee were highly gratified at the prompt and generous response to their appeal for funds to build the Bedfield club-room, which has enabled them to put up a light bright room, 16ft. by 12ft., communicating with the chapel, suitably furnished, and fitted with heating apparatus for teas. The room was opened in October by our President, Miss Tagart. It affords a pleasant resort for the village labourers and a counter-attraction to the public-house. Mr. Newell has already utilised it for many social meetings, and for others of a more serious character, when the men have met to discuss the question of allotments and small holdings and kindred matters.

"The expenses of the new building (including building, fittings, furniture, etc.) came to £88 10s. 2d. The special donations so generously given enabled your treasurer to meet the total cost without trenching on the ordinary funds of the Society.

"It will be seen that the receipts have been nearly £100 larger than in the previous year on account of the special donations for the new club-room. We are glad to find that the interest in the work of the Central Postal Mission and Unitarian Workers' Union is unabated, as shown by this ready response and the addition of new subscribers each year. Though substantial help is needed in the shape of large subscriptions, we welcome the smallest contributions, and would remind those who are interested that subscribers of one shilling and upwards become members and receive the Annual Report.

"We are convinced that Unitarian Christianity is needed everywhere, and that by courageous and patient effort it will at last gain acceptance. It is the opinion of this Committee that the old chapels scattered over the country are of immense value, not only as very sacred records of religious life in the past, but as future strongholds of Unitarianism. The Society of Friends keep their old meeting-houses, and use them for many good purposes. We Unitarians ought to do the same."

We hope to return to this important matter of the old chapels in a future article, and also to give a few quotations from letters of correspondents.

"The Unitarian Movement—its Principles, Organization, and Worship,"—compiled by W. Copeland Bowie. British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Essex Hall, London, W.C. Price 2d.

A very useful handbook of nearly 50 pages intended "to assist those who are engaged in organising new Unitarian movements, and for the information and guidance of people who are unacquainted with our methods"; and as such it is certain to meet a want that is frequently felt. There is no attempt here, as in Dr. Crooker's American handbook, to set forth the particular doctrines of Unitarianism, but the distinctive principles, spirit, and general attitude of Unitarianism are clearly explained. From this much valuable information concerning the Unitarian denomination can be gained by those who are seeking it, and guidance to those organising Unitarian work. Mr. Bowie has, in compiling this, done another good thing.

Home Circle.

"How do you know,' a Bedouin was asked, "that there is a God?" "In the same way," he replied "that I know, on looking at the sand when a man or a beast has crossed the desert—by His footprints in the world around me."

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
As long as ever you can!

"You're the goodest mother that ever was."
A voice as clear as a forest bird's;
And I'm sure the glad young heart had cause
To utter the sweet of the lovely words.—Anon.

THE BOY AND THE CLERGYMAN.

A clergyman was riding along a road. He stopped to speak to a boy.

"Do you know who made you, my boy?"

"Yes, sir. God made me."

"Where is God?"

"In heaven, sir."

"Isn't God anywhere else?"

"I didn't know that he was, sir."

"Well, my boy, God is not only in heaven, but he is everywhere at the same time; and he can see you always, wherever you are."

That was a new thought to the boy, so, pointing to a stone wall, he said inquiringly:

"Can God see through that stone wall?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the clergyman, "God can see through that wall. God can go through that wall."

"Go?" responded the boy instantly. "Go? I don't see how God can 'go' at all, if he's all over to begin with."

That boy made the truth of God's omnipotence more really his own, in two minutes, than the clergyman had made it in his thirty-two years of ministry. To the minister God's omnipotence was a doctrine; to the child it was a reality.

A CHILDREN'S SERMON.

"Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign, and he reigned in Jerusalem one and thirty years.

And he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and walked in the ways of David his father, and declined neither to the right hand nor to the left."—II. Chron. xxxiv., 1-2.

There are four things told of King Josiah in these verses, which I want you to notice:

First,—What he did.
Second,—Why he did it.
Third,—When he did it.
Fourth,—How he did it.

1st, What he did was—to follow a good example.

2nd, Why he did it, was because it was right in the sight of the Lord.

3rd, When he did it, was while he was yet young. And now, the question is, 4th, How did King Josiah do this good thing? Why—he just did it. That is the only way any good thing is ever done. When you've got a thing to do—do it.—(From Dr. Tyng).

A father's little child asked him seriously:
"Why did you blow at that candle, papa?"
The father quickly replied:
"To put out its light, my dear child."
And then he was surprised by the next question:
"Where did the light go—when it went out, papa?"

Whatsoe'er you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might;
Never be a—little—true,
Or a—little—in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great and small things,
Be as—thorough—as you can.

Our Sermonette.

BY THE REV. FRANK WALTERS.

"Let us go on unto perfection."—Hebrews vi., 1.

True art is the endeavour to realise an ideal perfection. The artistic faculty belongs to the infinite element in man, whereby he strives to embody some intuition of truth or beauty; it is the human counterpart of that divine energy whereby the Eternal Word not only manifests itself in unconscious nature, but also "becomes flesh" and clothes itself in human form. Art is the language of man's noblest experience, the expression of his finest vision. And religion is the highest art; it is the art of expressing in living characters the infinite perfection of God, according to the words of Jesus "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." And, first of all, there must be faith in an Infinite Perfection before there can be conscious growth in the divine life; you must believe in the Eternal Father before you can aspire after his goodness. It is in vain that the artist prepares his colours and pencils and canvas, unless his mind is overshone by some ideal. In vain are power and opportunity provided for the man who has never felt the impulse to rise above the dull, dead level of low utility, material comfort and conventional mediocrity. Without the ideal aim, art is paralysed; without divine vision, life is dwarfed and darkened. The Ideal is God, and every man who seeks to "go on unto perfection," believes, though perhaps unconsciously in God; he may not speak the theological name, he may not profess any creed, yet the divine spirit enters into his nature, polarising even the lower passions with a tendency towards the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. Religion is not the science of theology, it is the art of a perfect life. Whatever may be a man's creed, if his life be a divine

art, he is most truly religious. Every man who has an ideal after which he strives knows something of the secret of worship and the life of prayer. There may be excellent practice apart from a formal, scientific theory. I am able to keep my body in health, though my opinions are very vague on questions of physiology; an artist knows how to harmonise his colours, without being an expert in the theory of vision. And it is possible to make progress in the spiritual life, without the adoption of theological dogma. When we seek to be perfect as our heavenly Father, then with deep theistic faith we aspire after the supreme Ideal which is the goal of every pure and noble life. Even to the man who calls himself an Atheist, the appeal may be made: Your supreme purpose must be to become perfect, even as your loftiest ideal is perfect. And yet how much more vital is that appeal when the ideal is called by the hallowed name of Father! We are not feebly chasing a dream of our own minds, which has no basis in fact, and can never be realised in life. The art of life becomes more inspiring when we learn that we are co-operating with a Divine Artist, whose purpose moves in every holy aspiration, whose spirit strengthens in every earnest effort, and whose image shines clearer and clearer in the stages of our moral growth. It is our deep conviction, that as matter presupposes antecedent matter for its cause, as motion connotes previous motion as its source, as life can only be generated by life, so all visions of beauty and thoughts of truth and intuitions of righteousness speak as infallibly of a divine mind and an eternal holiness. The Ideal is not merely the mirage of an opulent fancy, thrown out from our imagination upon the dark background of the unknown; it is worked into us by that long experience whereby we are gradually exploring the secrets of God. The infinite Perfection is not merely a DISCOVERY by us, it is also a REVELATION to us of that Eternal Father who is ever working within our natures according to his own will. Man's search for God is the human aspect of God's continual revelation to man. When every artist and thinker and discoverer becomes rooted and grounded in this theistic faith, he will indeed gain a sublime impulse for his task; then every artist will be a prophet of God's beauty, every teacher a minister of God's truth, every scientist an interpreter of God's order. What a new inspiration will then come into the world! Selfishness and envy and vain ambition will perish, when every man feels, in deed and in truth, that he is a fellow-worker with God. You remember the words of Jesus, "The words which I speak, I speak not of myself; it is the Father that speaketh in me." The loftiest genius is always reverent, the noblest art is religious, theistic faith is the only adequate interpretation of the overmastering enthusiasms and aspirations of the soul.

In the region of daily duty it is also needful to realise that life is a divine art. We look up to some great man, who appears so perfect that we call him "divine," because God's thought seems to be incarnated in his life. And yet the completeness of such a character is the prophecy of what other men may at last become. You may not be as strong or wise as the saint or hero; but in its measure your life may be as complete as his. * * * *

We must seek not merely to be virutous, but also to gain a unique completeness of individual character; the music of each life must express some divine MOTIVE all its own. To give morality a strenuous vitality we must find that individual perfection for which we were created. * * * *

That is the aim of life, not only to be good but beautiful, not only to be honest but perfect, not only to be moral but divine. And yet how few of us have realised this aim. We do our duty, and are very fretful over it; we provide for our homes and forget to bring light and love into them; we go through the round of our toil, and make no progress in the spiritual life. There are worlds of thought, feeling and imagination, of which we have never dreamt; and we ought not to let life slip away without rising into the sublimer attainments of which we are capable. Shall that wonderful instrument of your soul never give forth the perfect music, which only waits the touch of the Master's hand to delight the world in which you live? Make one effort of will, one struggle against enthralling and benumbing habits, and you shall rise into the liberty of God, while a new joy shall come to you under the sense of continual progress towards the perfect life.

(Part of a Sermon from "The Light of Life.")

Literature.

"The Heretic," by Henry W. Hawkes; one penny: British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Essex Hall, London—

is a poem of 20 pages in blank verse, which aims at embodying a common experience—described by many who have worked their way out of so-called Evangelical beliefs into a wider faith." It is worthy of the widest circulation. Of the Unitarian doctrines it describes—though not by name—the following quotation is one example out of many graphic representations:

"In the Wider Thought that came to me,
The Master, Jesus, seemed not less, but more;
Not th' abnormal being, God and man,
Such as the theologians say he was,
But normal, human, understandable,
A Brother and a Friend, in whom I saw
More of the lineaments of heavenly life
Than in myself or in the world around,
And who was therefore still for all of us
An inspiration and a guiding Light
To point to us the way we, too, might go."—(p. 18).

The heretic, grieving his friends by giving up orthodoxy, exclaims:

"And yet what can I do? Come joy or grief,
I must be honest to myself and them,
Live my own life as God has given me light,
And think the thoughts that bring me nearest Him."—(p. 1).

A Van Incident.

By H. BODELL SMITH.

I was the missioner on the Van, and had just concluded an address on "The Unitarian View of Human Nature," followed by questions from the audience. Then I came down from the footboard of the Van, and, with some leaflet literature in my hand, went in and out among the people, offering it to those willing to accept it, giving any so disposed the opportunity to put questions to me privately. I was asked by several people to explain points that were exercising their minds, which I did, and so was led into animated converse with several groups of people in turn, all eager, and most of them joyously excited by the ideas which had been put before them.

When, later, I was leaving the people, and moving towards the Van for some purpose, a young man, standing somewhat apart from the rest, accosted me. His age was apparently about 22 or 24 years. He was poorly clad, and though possessing a look of keen intelligence on his face, his features were rather sunken and drawn and pallid, as if from some physical weakness.

"I have listened to you, sir, with some interest," said he, "and my case is a very peculiar one. I wish to know what hope there is for a case like mine. I am the victim of a bad habit, which has gained the mastery over me to such an extent that I am helpless, and do not know what I must do."

Some other young men were gathering near, as if to hear what took place between us. So I said, "This is a private matter, and no doubt you would prefer to speak with me quite alone."

I did not ask him up into the Van, as it was then full of visitors and inquirers to whom my friend the lay missioner was attending.

So we drew to one side, and we talked quietly apart from others.

He said: "I have written in answer to all sorts of advertisements for advice, literature, remedies, of various kinds, and tried all I could think of, but in vain. Instead of securing relief, every day makes me worse, and my power of resistance grows less and less. What am I to do?"

He was the victim of private sin against himself. His physical constitution was being undermined in consequence. His confession revealed his condition to be deplorable and pitiable in the extreme, and my heart went out to him in compassion. I had spoken of human nature as divine, being naturally the same in kind as the nature of our heavenly Father; of sin as a violation of the natural goodness of the soul; of the body as the temple of the living God, as the dwelling-place of the divine spirit of man; of the holiest and noblest men and women, with Jesus at their head, as examples of what we all might become, of what each is designed to become. I had said that all God's children, even the worst, were destined to reach the blessed state of purity and beauty of life and character, that it is God's will that all shall reach that condition, and that no power—not even the sinfulness of the sinner—can frustrate the will of the Almighty, but that the divine nature in every prodigal son will assert itself, will come to itself again, and, helped by the severe discipline caused by sinful and selfish ways, will turn to the Father, and that not one will be allowed to become hopelessly lost.

So when that young man told me of his condition, I was moved with sorrow for him. "My poor brother, I am deeply sorry for you," said I.

"Is there any hope for me?" he asked.

"There is hope. Do not doubt it. Believe that God is near you; that He is near you as a very present helper, as your best and truest and dearest FRIEND. Believe that He is ever waiting to help you to overcome. Believe that He pours His strength into you every time your heart and mind are open to receive. Believe that His help is always present, never failing, that He never leaves you, and, believing this—FIGHT for the victory over yourself."

"But I am so weak. I seem to give way more and more every day, so that I do not know what will become of me."

"But, my friend, you will get stronger by bravely and resolutely trying. You must not yield. Never give up. God's help is no use to you unless you make use of it. Use it. Believe that you have the power. Your hope of deliverance depends on the stand you make against the sin. You MUST fight, and though you try over and over again, and fail over and over again, every time you try to overcome adds strength to you; and if you keep at it, and never cease trying, and you hold to the fight determined that with God's help you shall conquer—you WILL conquer. By every effort against the evil, the evil will get weaker and more and more lose its hold; by every effort you make to resist, your strength will accumulate, until by persistence you will assuredly reach the point when you become stronger than the evil propensity, and you will step over the line from slavery to freedom, and come out of the struggle with the triumph of victory."

"Do you think I can do it?"

"Yes, you can do it, if you believe you can. There is no hope for you unless you fight for the mastery. No one else can do it for you. God cannot help you if you do not use His help. With that help you must work out your own salvation, and with such help as brotherly sympathy can give. Be brave, my friend. Try, and try, and try again and again, without ceasing, and you will succeed, and God's blessing will reward your efforts."

"I will try!"

Just then others came up asking to speak with me. The young man looked into my face somewhat piteously, yet not hopelessly, and as I took his hand he said, "I will see you again, sir, to-morrow night." I replied:

"Yes, be sure and come. I shall be looking for you. Remember that God is with you, and helping you in every effort you make. Be brave! Fight for your manhood!—and you will win."

And so he turned away with that struggle to face which none knoweth but God—and the sinner. And my heart went with him.

Our next night was my last with the Van for that time. When our meeting took place I looked in vain for the young man, for he was not there. Scarcely a day has passed since that my thoughts have not been with him, and I have longed to see him and encourage him in his efforts for emancipation.

Poor human nature! some may say. Not so poor as not to feel the degradation of sin. Great enough to resent an enslavement and to long for the glorious liberty of the sons of God. Yet poor indeed, if the old doctrine of natural depravity be true, that human nature has no good in it, is unable of itself to be good, is naturally vile and corrupt. No hope for the sinner in that. If he believes it is his nature to be sinful, and that he can do no other, he will do no other.

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed according to Thy word," said the Psalmist. And the Word of God is made flesh; it is written on the tablets of the human heart; it is revealed in human nature itself. And that nature will vindicate its divinity in every soul, and God's purpose will not fail in any, for it is the Father's will that not one shall perish. Believe that, O young man, and live!

Notes and News.

VARIOUS: Essex Church, London, Hospital Collection, Sunday, June 21st, £240 13s. 1d.; Birmingham, Moseley Unitarian Church, preacher at an anniversary service on Sunday, June 21st, was Mrs. W. C. Hall, B.A.; the 220th anniversary services were held at the Stockton-on-Tees Church, June 21st; the Annual Meetings of the Conference and of the Missionary Ministerial Fellowship were held in Manchester, July 1st and 2nd; Open-air Misson Work, without a van, has been carried on at Dartmouth and Brixham and other places in Devon, and at Mansfield, with encouraging results; the Jubilee of the Sunday School at Blackley, Manchester, was celebrated July 4-11; the Rev. R. B. Drummond, B.A., completes 50 years' ministry at St. Mark's Chapel, Edinburgh, in November next; the North Cheshire Sunday School Union had its annual picnic at Gee Cross, Hyde, on July 4th; the Rev. Charles Peach addressed the Sunday Afternoon "Brotherhood" at Dr. Maclaren's Union Chapel, Manchester, July 5th; Mr. F. K. Holt, youngest son of Rev. Peter Holt, of Astley, has got the B.A. degree, Manchester University, and passed in philosophy for the M.A. degree; the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, M.A., LL.D., has been preaching at Rosslyn Hill Chapel, Hampstead, on the Sunday evenings in June and on July 5th; the Summer Session for Sunday School Teachers at Manchester College, Oxford, July 10th to 17th, was attended by about 100 from 36 schools and three Unions of England, Scotland, and Ireland; Mrs. J. Dale, wife of the Minister, preached the anniversary sermon at Selby, Yorks., July 5th.

It is significant that Bishop Welldon says that the "Encyclopædia Biblica" is a Unitarian book; the Rev. H. E. Dowson, B.A., along with a Church of England clergyman, after long and anxious efforts, effected an agreement which ended a great cotton strike at Hyde, and the strain has resulted in an illness to Mr. Dowson on account of which some months' rest may be necessary for him; it appears that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was founded by a Unitarian—the Rev. D. Davis, of Neath, son of Davis of Castle Howell; Mr. Thomas C. Dugdale, Manchester, a Unitarian, has a picture accepted and hung in the Royal Academy this year; Miss Dorothy Tarrant, daughter of the Rev. W. G. Tarrant, B.A., has gained a first-class in Philosophy in Part II. Classical Tripos, and Miss M. E. Oram is in the Honours lists at Oxford for English Language and Literature.

PULPIT CHANGES:—Rev. E. R. Hodges, appointed to the Abbey Chapel, Tavistock; Rev. John Birks was welcomed at Taunton, June 18th; the Rev. Hardinge Matthews was the subject of a presentation, June 18th, on his retirement from the pastorate of Kingswood Chapel; Mr. Watkins, of the Unitarian Home Missionary College, appointed assistant minister to Rev. J. Collins Odgers, of the Ullett Road Church, Liverpool; Mr. Mortimer Rowe, B.A., of Manchester College, Oxford, appointed to the Octagon Chapel, Norwich; Mr. R. J. Hall, M.A., of the same college, to Ansdell, and Mr. R. K. Davis, B.A., to be assistant minister at Essex Church, London; the Rev. A. Chalmers is about to resign from the Westgate Chapel, Wakefield; Rev. J. C. Street concluded his ministry at Shrewsbury, June 28th; the Rev. Clement E. Pike, appointed to Bridgewater; farewell to Rev. W. L. Schroeder, M.A., at Sale, and presentations, June 29th, and commencement of ministry and welcome at Halifax early in July; the Rev. Felix Taylor, B.A., resigned at Richmond, Surrey; Rev. J. A. Pearson resigned at Oldham to be the missionary agent for the London District Unitarian Society; Rev. J. Ruddle resigned, Stannington, Sheffield; Rev. C. M. Wright, M.A., appointed minister at Sale, Cheshire; Rev. H. W. Perris, resigned from Forest Gate Church, concluded his ministry June 28th.

DEATHS: "Allen Raine," the Welsh novelist (Mrs. Beynon Puddicombe), and a Unitarian, June 21st, 57 years; Miss Fanny Hottinger, Leicester, June 19th, 76 years; Miss Eliza Cox, Windermere, 89 years; Elizabeth M. Davis, Manchester, July 7th, 87 years; Mrs. W. A. Sharpe, Highgate, London, July 6th, 54 years; Mr. Robert Bailee McNinch, Larne, July 9th; H. J. Hunter, M.D., Bath, July 11th, 85 years; Mrs. Hy. Nuttall, Waterfoot, Manchester, June 26th, 83 years; Mr. J. B. Hutton, Trinidad, May 9th; Dr. Otto Pfleiderer, Professor of Theology, Berlin University, July 19th, 68 years

"Over your head and mine there hovers the ideal self that we know we ought to be. It points to years happier than we have yet known, and calls with cheery voice, 'Friend, come up higher!' Let us not be disobedient to that heavenly vision."

"There is a paradise of joy whereto all youths and maidens have a birthright of entrance. . . . But there is only one gate which opens and lets in, and that is the gate of duty; thereto, through the wilderness of life, there is only one guide, and that is conscience."

"We want real Christianity, preached with faith and applied to life—Being good and Doing good."

"Religion gives the power of self-reliance. You will keep the integrity of your own nature spite of the mightiest of men, spite of states, and churches, and traditions, and a worldly world. You will say to them all, 'Stand by and let alone; I must be true to myself, and thereby true to my God."

"The fortunate man is he who starts in life with the true religious ideas of man, of God, of His providential care for all mankind; with the true religious feelings of reverence, gratitude, trust, love, and the unconquerable will to keep His every command." —Theodore Parker.

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